

PLANET BOB - NIGHT

It's cold. Like, REALLY cold. Winds are whipping across the treeless, featureless plains, blowing dust in everyone's faces to add to the general misery. We hear the crew muttering, mumbling, teeth chattering, etc.

NARRATOR

It's cold. Like, REALLY cold. Winds are whipping across the treeless, featureless plains, blowing dust in everyone's faces to add to the general misery.

N2

Did you just read the stage directions?

NARRATOR

No one will know unless they read the transcript. Hush. The crew huddle together against the unceasing cold and wind. They've stood for over an hour now, awaiting rescue from an unmanned-

N2

But spidered!

NARRATOR

But spidered - away ship.

N2

All seems hopeless. The away ship, battered by heavy winds, is finding it difficult to navigate near enough to the crew to effect a rescue.

NARRATOR

Julie is rapidly slipping into unconsciousness, when suddenly....

Sound of a hatch opening. **The crew should speak as if very very cold.**

GRITZ

What the hell are you idiots doing?

MADELINE

Did someone hear a voice?

JESSIE

Yeah. Yours.

MADELINE

Not mine, I recognize *my* voice.
Another voice.

PIPISTRELLE

Cap, Julie's fading fast. We need
to get her warm.

MADELINE

I'm open to suggestions.

COLIN

Is she still conscious?

DR THEO

Barely.

JOE

Captain, we've got to find shelter
or none of us is going to make it.

OLIVIA

Yeah, I don't fancy an eternity
sharing a silk sack with Colin.
Where the hell is C4 with our ship?

GRITZ

HELLO.

Faint sound of canned laughter.

JESSIE

Ok, yeah, I see what you were
asking, there. That did sound like
a voice.

JOE

A not-one-of-us voice.

MRS SHEFFIELD

Also... laughter?

GREG

Is someone talking to us?

MADELINE

Anybody see anything?

DR THEO

I don't want to break the huddle to
look.

MRS SHEFFIELD

I really think we ought to, though.
Damn, I wish I could get to that
mirror.

COLIN

What's going on up there? We can't
see anything from inside this
cursed sack!

GRITZ

HELLO! IDIOTS!

More canned laughter.

MADELINE

That was definitely for us. Who's
there?

GRITZ

We can do introductions while you
all succumb to the elements, or you
can come inside and we can hold the
salutations until later.

MIVV

(from below) By the time you finish
yakking, they'll all be dead
anyway. Get them inside!

Laughter, light applause.

MADELINE

"Inside"? Where are you? And who is
applauding?

MIVV

(poking out and shoving Gritz back
into the hole) Over here! You've
got to climb down the hatch.

GRITZ

Ouch! Mivv! The hatch is only big
enough for one of us.

MIVV

You're going to make me say it,
aren't you.

TELF

(from below) That's the agreement.

MIVV

This way!

MADELINE

We can't break the huddle, so we can't see you. Can you just give us directions?

MIVV

Seriously? OK, fine. Which one are you?

MADELINE

This one.

MIVV

Are you ... twerking?

MADELINE

I don't have a lot of options!

JESSIE

CAN WE GET ON WITH THE RESCUE?

MIVV

Right, ok, to the twerker's left, 10 paces.

Ooofs and struggling as they try to move as a huddle. Gasps and murmurs from the "audience."

JESSIE/PIPI/JOE/ETC.

YOUR OTHER LEFT, CAPTAIN!

MADELINE

Sorry.

MIVV

Guess I picked the wrong one for directions.

Laughter.

MIVV (CONT'D)

Oh, shut up.(calling) OK, now twerker's forward, about 8 paces. HURRY. I can't hold the hatch open much longer.

GRITZ

(from below) Are they coming in or what? MORONS, HURRY UP.

Laughter.

MIVV

We're working on it.

TELF

What's to work on? It's toxic and freezing out there, and it'll be boiling in another few hours and all the biscuits will be burned.

Laughter, chink of glasses in a toast.

MIVV

What can I say? They don't seem particularly intelligent.

GRITZ

Do we really want them in here, then? What if one of them tries to roll down a window?

Laughter.

MIVV

Right, nearly here. OK. DROP AND ROLL!

Cheers, laughter, and applause from the audience. Just then, Julie falls through the hatch, landing on Gritz. A **grunt from Julie** as she lands.

GRITZ

Ouch!

JULIE

(dazed, frozen) Sorry....

MIVV

That's one in! Come on, the rest of you.

TELF

Say it again!

MIVV

(sighs heavily) Drop and roll!

More laughter and cheers from the audience as one by one, the crew descend into the hole, with some real struggle when it's Greg's turn. Grunts from Greg, some metal scraping sounds.

NARRATOR

One by one, the crew descend into the hole.

N2

You're doing it again.

NARRATOR

Look - stage directions are a perfectly acceptable narrative resource. HUSH. Greg barely makes it in, and the 778's arms have to be removed to get it - them - through the hatch.

HOWARD

Seriously? I think I'd rather wait outside.

EMILY

Speak for yourself, Dear. Take our arms. Take all of our arms. Just get me in there.

Lots of **sounds of relief** as the crew start to warm up.

JESSIE

I don't believe it.

DR THEO

Hang on. You look familiar.

GRITZ

Yeah, well, I get that a lot.

DR THEO

From whom?

TELF

Come warm yourselves by the fire.

JESSIE

Don't I know you?

GRITZ

Not if you're lucky.

The audience laughs.

MADELINE

Ok, where are all the people I'm hearing? What's going on here?

MIVV

If you wouldn't mind removing your shoes? There are slippers by the door.

MRS SHEFFIELD

That's a bit tricky, as the shoes
are part of the whole ensemble. I'm
sure I know you....

PIPISTRELLE

Can we take off the spider suits?

TELF

Absolutely. You're perfectly safe
in here. Biscuit?

Whoops of laughter and the sound of glasses clinking in a
toast.

JESSIE

Ooooo. Wouldn't say no. (while
eating) How's Julie?

GRITZ

Little Miss Welcome Mat?

GREG

(offended) Little Miss What Now?

GRITZ

She's lying flat in front of the
door, ain't she? She's pinking up.
She'll be fine.

Canned laughter. The sounds of the crew stripping off their
spider suits.

JOE

Hello.

CREW

JESUS!

ALIENS

BISCUITS!

The audience goes crazy with laughter and applause. Much
clinking of glasses.

TELF

Heavens! Where did you come from?

DR THEO

"Biscuits"?

TELF

It's a long story.

DR THEO

Captain Fancy Pants!

Awkward pause.

MRS SHEFFIELD

You'll have to excuse Dr. Theo. We were in the cold for quite some time....

ZBLATT

No, he's right.

MIVV

Zblatt! When did you arrive?

ZBLATT

(with great gravitas and drama) Me? Dearest Mivv, I've been here the whole time.

The audience oooooos, ahhhh, and erupts in applause.

PIPISTRELLE

The Backstreet Barnyard!

MADELINE

Would somebody mind explaining what's going on?

JULIE

(weakly, from the floor)
Television.

DR THEO

They're from old Earth television shows. All of you?

MIVV

Yes. I played Brigit, cheeky youngest child of the useless but lovable chief of a small town fire department.

MADELINE

Hang on.....you were Brigit from *Smoke Detector*? What was your tagline? Wait - don't tell me! "Drop and roll!"

The audience erupts in laughter and applause.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Wow. They really like me.

TELF

I was Bernard, the youngest child of a hapless klutz who takes over running a fancy restaurant when his chef twin brother is struck with amnesia.

JULIE

Where There's Smoke, There's Dinner.

TELF

I can't believe anyone knows that show! My name's Telf. Biscuit?

Laughter, clinking of glasses.

GREG

Ok, so where is that laughter coming from?

PIPISTRELLE

And you're from *Backstreet Barnyard*.

ZBLATT

I am. You know it, I assume.

PIPISTRELLE

It was a gritty drama about a family trying to run a farm in the badlands of downtown Chicago.

GREG

A farm in the middle of Chicago?

ZBLATT

Just so. The Miller family - tough and lean, rangy, even. We were on the boundary lands between rival barbershop gangs, the Razors and the Blades.

COLIN

You're not serious.

ZBLATT

We fought to keep the city from paving over our lands for parking garages. It was a tough-scrabble existence. Our chickens kept getting caught in the crossfire.

OLIVIA
You're taking the piss.

PIPISTRELLE
Oooooo, there was that one episode
where Farmer Phil was pinned down
in his tractor, trying to bring in
the wheat harvest.

COLIN
Seriously? This is a real thing?

ZBLATT
It was very gritty.

JESSIE
And what about grandpa here?

GRITZ
Oy. Mind yer manners. I'm Gritz.
Played Ernie, the gruff but
probably redeemable rich old
bachelor who gets stuck with a
crapload of children when the local
orphanage goes broke.

DR THEO
"Probably" redeemable?

GRITZ
We got cancelled in the first
season.

JESSIE
Ah, I remember now! *Who Rescued
Who!*

DR THEO
Whom.

GRITZ
Ah, hell, you're not one of those,
are you?

JULIE
He really is. Someone help me up.

PIPISTRELLE
Grab my thumb. Are you OK?

Grunts as Julie stands up.

JULIE

Thanks to you, yeah. Thanks to all of you.

Awwwwwwwww from the audience.

OLIVIA

This is being broadcast.

MRS SHEFFIELD

Is it? To whom?

ZBLATT

That is our tragedy. At the end of our respective runs, new work was difficult, nay, impossible to come by, cast as we were in the tight prisons of our types.

MIVV

(translating) "Typecast."

ZBLATT

That's what I said.

GREG

No, it isn't. So there's a real audience out there? Does that mean the laughter is real?

ZBLATT

Perhaps once, long ago, the responses we hear were genuine, borne of amusement, horror, realization, or connection. Sadly, now they are triggered as easily as this.

He punches Gritz. The audience howls with laughter.

GRITZ

HEY! What was that for?

ZBLATT

A demonstration. Nothing more.

GRITZ

Yeah, well how's about next time you "demonstrate" on your own face?

The audience laughs and applauds.

MRS SHEFFIELD

How do you live with this?

TELF

We don't have a choice.

JESSIE

What does that mean?

TELF

We only get food if we reach a certain Nielsen rating.

JULIE

What? That's horrific!

MIVV

Welcome to season 188 of *I'm a Celebrity, Get Me Off this Toxic Planet*.

DIRECTOR

CUT! Cut! You can't just blurt out the big reveal like that.

MIVV

It was an artistic choice!

OLIVIA

Oy. Who's he when he's at home?

ZBLATT

For better or worse, and it's almost entirely worse, that's our "Director."

DONNA

Oooof. Get a load of those finger quotes.

ZBLATT

Heard them, did you?

MRS SHEFFIELD

My heavens, THAT'S your director? How old is he?

GRITZ

Twenty. With all the wisdom and humility that comes with it. And his odious assistant-slash-intern.

ZBLATT

He is a Philistine with absolutely no heart for the theatre. No. He has no *stomach*. Truth must come from the gut.

DIRECTOR

All right, let's run it again. Get the extras back outside and let's take it from the top.

DIRECTOR'S ASSISTANT

FROM THE TOP!

MADELINE

"Extras"?

GREG/JULIE/JOE/DONNA/ETC.

"OUTSIDE?"

DIRECTOR

And let's 86 the Smurfs. We don't have the license for those.

OLIVIA

SMURFS?

COLIN

Does he mean us?

ZBLATT

Now, look here. This is improvisational theatre. You can't simply demand-

DIRECTOR

Had a quick look in the pantry, there, Zblatt, and it's looking a little lean. You sure you want to argue right now?

DIRECTOR'S ASSISTANT

Yeah, you sure? Not much food left...!

TELF

We'll be fine. There are plenty of-

ZBLATT

Don't pander. It's beneath you.

TEFL

Someone has to keep us fed. We'll be fine. There are plenty of BISCUITS!

Laughter, clinking of glasses.

DONNA

Are you a drinking game?

TELF

Apparently. I get a Christmas card from Smirnoff every year.

DIRECTOR

Gotta keep the sponsors happy. Places!

DIRECTOR'S ASSISTANT

PLAAAAAACES!!!

DIRECTOR

OK, Nigel, calm down.

DIRECTOR'S ASSISTANT

Sorry, boss.

ZBLATT

I need a moment to gather myself. I'll be in my pod.

DIRECTOR

Oh, for- FINE. Take 10 everyone.

DIRECTOR'S ASSISTANT

TEN! WE'RE TAKING TEN! Not eleven, not twelve, and thirteen is right out!

DIRECTOR

Nigel. Just ring the bell.

Bell rings to signal a break.

MRS SHEFFIELD

How did you get here?

GRITZ

Oz ship.

JESSIE/MADELINE

What?

MIVV

Yeah, we came up on the... sixty-seven something something, wasn't it, Gritz? They dropped us straight down the hatch, still in our FitTech pods.

GREG

Sixty-seven forty eight?

TELF

Yes, that sounds right.

MADELINE

Jessie?

JESSIE

Hang on a minute.... There was a time when one of the away ships just took off. Dick said it was a research vessel.

OLIVIA

Makes sense. G2 probably got a nice little fee for delivery before they blew your ship up.

GREG

That explains why your ship survived so long.

JESSIE

Brilliant captaining explains why my ship survived so long, thank you.

COLIN

You live in a rich fantasy land.

JESSIE

Shut it.

MRS SHEFFIELD

So the away ship could still be here?

TELF

Sadly, no. It was left on the surface and disintegrated long ago.

MRS SHEFFIELD

Soooooo, how are you getting home?

GRITZ

"Home"?

Gritz, Telf, and Mivv laugh.

MIVV

Where have you been? There is no "home" anymore.

COLIN

What? What do you mean "no home"?

GRITZ

Bit out of the loop, eh? Earth is over. Unlivable. Total climate collapse.

COLIN

Says who...mmmmmm. Don't say it.

DR THEO

I can't help it. It's like a reflex.

Director saunters up.

DIRECTOR

"Whom" would make a terrific catchphrase. "Biscuits" is getting pretty tired.

DIRECTOR'S ASSISTANT

Yeah, who? Whom! Very funny, boss.

TELF

I thought about switching to "chocolate?" Or even "aperitif?"

DIRECTOR

What I wouldn't give for a fresh idea....

DIRECTOR'S ASSISTANT

Fresh.

DR THEO

Have you ever adapted a novel for television?

DIRECTOR

Nope, but I'm always looking for new IP. You got something?

DIRECTOR'S ASSISTANT

We're interested!

DR THEO

(irritably) Well, most of the novel was destroyed, but it's all up here-

JULIE

WHAT ABOUT EARTH? I have people down there!

TELF

Oh, uh, sorry.

JULIE

Ben? And Maggie? Captain, we've gotta go back.

MIVV

Director, how about you and that fellow go talk about his IP in the green room. You never know who might be listening out here.

DIRECTOR

Yes, good thinking, Mivv. Follow me. Nigel, out of the way.

DIRECTOR'S ASSISTANT

Sorry, boss! This is exciting.

DR THEO

So, the story is about an unusually charismatic doctor who studies molds-

DIRECTOR

Molds? Well, we're going to have to change that.

DR THEO

Change? But it's fundamental to the character....

Director, Assistant, Theo's voices fade as they walk away.

JULIE

Captain. We have to go. NOW.

GRITZ

Now, hang on. Mivv, Telf, and I aren't real sure about that end-of-Earth story.

DONNA

Meaning?

MIVV

We think it's a ploy.

MRS SHEFFIELD

Oooo, I do love a good ploy. What do you suspect?

TELF

They can't get us home, so they tell us there's no home to get to.

JULIE

So there's a chance Earth is OK?

GRITZ

It's just a theory.

MIVV

But if not Earth, then who's watching this show?

JULIE

Captain.

ZBLATT

I AM RETURNED.

JESSIE

That fellow does nothing quietly, does he?

MIVV

He's a dear friend and I love him, but one day I will stuff him up the hatch and forget he ever lived.

JULIE

CAPTAIN.

MADELINE

I'm hearing you, Julie, and I'm listening. We will absolutely set a course for Earth, but first we have to get back to the Oz 9 and get control from Bob.

TELF

Bob? AI Bob?

JESSIE

You know him?

TELF

Bastard sweet-talked me into that pod in the first place.

MIVV

Me too.

GRITZ

Yup. He's the sleaziest salesman G2's got. And that's saying something.

ZBLATT
WE CAN COMMENCE.

JESSIE
How've you managed not to stuff him
up the hatch already?

MIVV
Meditation.

TELF
Smirnoff.

GRITZ
Bad shoulder.

There's a loud thump from above. Then another. Sounds of
surprise and alarm from the cast.

DIRECTOR
What the hell was that? Where are
my pyro guys? Guys! Did you fire
off the depots? That's not till
season 200!

DIRECTOR'S ASSISTANT
GUYS!

MADELINE
The away ships.

JESSIE
FINALLY.

JULIE
LET'S GO.

MRS SHEFFIELD
Hang on, Julie. We've got to get
from here to there.

JULIE
So we put the spidey suits back on.

MADELINE
I really need to pee first.

MRS SHEFFIELD
Where are the spidey suits? I seem
to remember dropping mine just
here?

MIVV

You mean where those piles of dust are? Yeah, those suits disintegrated about five seconds after you took them off.

JOE

Crap.

EVERYONE

JESUS!

JOE

Uh huh. Captain, we're not getting five feet from that hatch without those suits.

JESSIE

We'll get new ones. There's a spider aboard each ship, remember?

JULIE

And the ships are wrapped. Well, assuming the silk made it through the atmosphere. And the spiders.

MRS SHEFFIELD

This feels ... tenuous. Lots of ifs.

MADELINE

Right. So we need to get the spiders to come to us.

JOE

They'll never survive the trip. Unless they can wrap themselves.

MRS SHEFFIELD

We've no idea what those creatures are capable of. But there are only two, and I'd prefer we not risk losing them.

JESSIE

Your pods still here?

TELF

They are.

The bell sounds end of break.

DIRECTOR

All right, folks, let's get back to work.

DIRECTOR'S ASSISTANT

Places, people, PLACES.

JESSIE

Let's send Mini Me here after the spiders.

MIVV

His poor mother. Can you imagine having a kid like that?

GRITZ

Gives me the chills. Right up my back. Seriously, look at the goose bumps.

MADELINE

What are you thinking, Jessie?

DIRECTOR

OK, I'm hearing the extras are experiencing a wardrobe malfunction. Can we get some replacements?

COLIN

Excellent question.

JESSIE

What if one of us gets in a pod and rolls on over to the away ship? Get in, get some spidey suits, roll on back, we all suit up, and ... anybody but Bob's your uncle.

OLIVIA

Yeah, all right. Only you'd have to send Theo. He's the only one who can communicate what we need. Dr V? You've been awfully quiet.

DR VON HABER ZETZER

Yes, vell, my throat is a bit sore from being strangelt by ze singing flowers. Can ve trust Theo?

MRS SHEFFIELD

You've been working with him in the new biosphere. What do you think? Can Dr Theo be trusted?

DR VON HABER ZETZER

It pains me to say it, but I don't think zo. Mizz Pipi?

PIPISTRELLE

I...I agree with the doc. *This* doc. Dr. von Haber Zetzer. I don't know that Theo has the crew's best interests at heart right now.

DR VON HABER ZETZER

Vat a very luffly vay of saying he would like to see us all dead unt in little piles of ash vich blow away, poof poof, harmless as dust.

PIPISTRELLE

Is that what I was saying?

DONNA

How's about Colin rides along?

COLIN

Beg your pardon?

DONNA

Two whole people in a pod would be a squish-

COLIN

"Whole" people?

DONNA

Oh, hush, you know what I mean. Also, Colin, (a) has weapons if Theo misbehaves, and (b) won't die if the pod is destroyed.

MADELINE

But Theo will.

PIPISTRELLE

I can't believe we're talking about this.

MRS SHEFFIELD

Sadly, he's given us enough reasons to take precautions.

MIVV

You're taking us with you, correct?

JULIE

We don't have time!

TELF

We saved your lives.

JULIE

I'm sorry. But my husband. My daughter!

GRITZ

You said "ships". As in, more than one. Sounds like you've got some extra room.

GREG

There are two. If one survived, they likely both did.

MADELINE

Fine. You help us get off Bob and the second ship is yours.

PIPISTRELLE

Where is Theo? The Director's back, but I don't see Theo?

DIRECTOR'S ASSISTANT

You looking for that swoony dude? He just rolled outta here in one of the pods. Something about getting a thumb drive. (shouts) PLACES!!

JESSIE

Right. That's it, pipsqueak.

She growls, scaring the Assistant off.

COLIN

My god. The Albatros.

JULIE

WHO CARES ABOUT A DEAD ROBOT ASSASSIN?

COLIN

No, listen! I think he asked her to store a copy of his novel on her thumb drive. He's trying to get back to the Oz 9!

JULIE

What about us?

NARRATORS' BRIDGE

NARRATOR

What about them, indeed? Sadly for our guests, it sounds like they may have to come back for a second read through.

GRITZ

You've got to be KIDDING ME.

TELF

Oh, biscuits!

DIRECTOR

CUT! Or, STOP! We're not filming. Wait till we roll, for crying out loud.

MIVV

I'm not doing this twice. I'm calling the union.

DIRECTOR

What union? Get in here; quiet on set!

ZBLATT

I refuse to work under these conditions. I'd storm off to my pod, but that swoony fellow stole it!

N2

Did Dr Theo abandon the crew on Bob in an attempt to return to the 9?

NARRATOR

Even if it were possible to return to the 9, retrieve the copy of his novel, and return to Planet Bob, all undetected, would his novel ever be green lighted?

N2

As we draw back the cameras from life under the surface of Bob, we see, faintly, the reflection of one of the planet's rising suns, glinting off a rolling pod.

NARRATOR

Inside, like a desperate hamster in a ball, Theo runs toward one of the silk-wrapped away ships. Can he make it before the sun rises and burns him to a crisp?

N2

You've been listening to:
Tim Sherburn as Colin and Emily
Introducing Caden Dowgin as the
Director and
Emmet Dowgin as the Director's
Assistant.

DIRECTOR

NIGEL!

DIRECTOR'S ASSISTANT

Sorry, boss!

NARRATOR

Bonnie Brantley as Jessie and Donna
David S Dear as Dr Theo Bromae
Kevin Hall as Greg
Introducing John Dowgin as Gritz

N2

Eric Perry as Joe, Dr von Haber
Zetzer and Howard
Introducing Faith Dowgin as Mivv
Shannon Perry as Madeline and

OLIVIA

NOPE.

N2

Olivia.

NARRATOR

Introducing J Michael DeAngelis as
Telf.

TELF

Biscuits! Can I PLEASE get a
sandwich?

NARRATOR

Sarah Golding as Mrs Sheffield
Sarah Rhea Warner as Pipistrelle
and introducing Bob Killian as
Zblatt.

ZBLATT
I AM READY TO ACT.

MIVV
Pfft. Since when.

N2
Our thanks to the Mission: Rejected
podcast for sharing so many of
their talented people with us.
I'm Kyle Jones, your Narrator Two.

NARRATOR
And I'm Chris Nadolny Gourley, your
Narrator. John Faley is our music
director, and our artwork is by
Lucas Elliott.

N2
Sarah Golding is our dialogue
editor, and Mark Restuccia is our
sound designer. Oz 9 is written by
Shannon Perry.

NARRATOR
Oz 9 is a proud member of the Fable
and Folly Network. Please check out
our sibling shows at fable and
folly dot com and support our
sponsors. Until next time, Space
Monkeys, keep your eyes on the
stars. Especially the really hot
ones. Lights!

DIRECTOR
Camera....ACTION!

Sound of film winding through a camera.